

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 28
Number 1 *The Messenger, Vol. 28, No. 1*

Article 1

10-1901

The Messenger, Vol. 28, No. 1

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1901) "The Messenger, Vol. 28, No. 1," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 28 : No. 1 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol28/iss1/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Price, 10 Cents.

78.2

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 1.



The Messenger.

Richmond College.

October, 1901

M.M.S.

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway,

THE POPULAR AND COMFORTABLE ROUTE

— BETWEEN —

RICHMOND,
OLD POINT,
NORFOLK,
PORTSMOUTH,
NEWPORT NEWS,
EASTERN SHORE,
LYNCHBURG,

—
AND
—

CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE,
CHICAGO,
ST. LOUIS,
MICHIGAN POINTS,
COLORADO POINTS.
THE PACIFIC COAST.

All Points West, Northwest, and Southwest. Perfect Equipment, Vestibuled Electric-Lighted Trains, carrying Pullman or Parlor Cars.

For Rates, Tickets, Schedule, and other information, apply at any C. & O. Ticket Office, or address

JOHN D. POTTS, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt. C. & O. Ry., Richmond, Va.

THE S. GALESKI OPTICAL CO.,

Ninth and Main Streets.

THE LARGEST OPTICAL ESTABLISHMENT SOUTH

Everything Optical, Photographic, and Graphophonic. Dark Room and Instructions in Photography Free.

FOSTER'S 

Photographs

— ARE EXCELLENT. —

Hence Foster is Always Busy.

J. M. FOURQUREAN.

JACK TEMPLE.

RO. S. GRAY.

Fourqurean, Temple & Co.,

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

Direct Importers of Irish Linens, Fine Silks, and Dress Goods,
Lace Curtains and Floor Coverings, Ladies' Tailor Suits
and Coats, Laces, Embroideries, and Notions.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

429 East Broad Street, ✻ RICHMOND, VA.

J. R. Sheppard, CORNER OF
FOURTH and
BROAD STREETS,

DEALER IN

CLOTHING

HATS and FURNISHING GOODS.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME.

DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE.

DISCOUNT OF TEN PER CENT. TO STUDENTS FOR CASH.

Salesmen: H. C. SHEPPARD, G. C. POINDEXTER,
J. J. MITCHELL, L. N. MORECOCK,
J. B. MULLAN.

MILLER'S FOR MEDICINE.

FINE GOODS.

FULL STOCK.

QUICK SERVICE.

LOW PRICES.

We Solicit Your Patronage. 

T. A. MILLER,

519 E. Broad Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

Fine Goods AT POPULAR PRICES

Diamonds, Watches, . . .

Jewelry, Sterling Silverware,

Novelties in Gold and Silver.

OUR MEDAL WORK IS THE BEST !

Ask for our Fall Catalogue.

It will Pay You !=====

C. LUMSDEN & SON,

731 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

L. FELLHEIMER,
Strictly
One-Price **CLOTHIER,**

HATTER AND GENTS' FURNISHER,

225 E. Broad Street, Corner Third,

A Special Discount of TEN PER CENT.
to College Students.

RICHMOND, VA.

DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE.

H. W. MOESTA,
Confectioner, Baker and Caterer,
111 E. Main Street, RICHMOND, VA.

Pure Ice Cream, Water Ices, Ornamental Cakes.

WEDDING SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

Special Prices to Churches, Colleges, &c.

Orders Promptly Executed, and Best Work Guaranteed.

YOUNG MEN'S TAILOR.

HENRY HARRIS,
Merchant Tailor,

715 E. Main St., RICHMOND, VA.

SCOURING, DYEING, AND PRESSING

A SPECIALTY.

SYDNOR & HUNDLEY,

—LEADERS IN—

Furniture,

711-713 East Broad Street,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Ten Per Cent. Cash Discount Allowed.

TAYLOR & BROWN,

—DEALERS IN—

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes,

918 EAST MAIN STREET.

Our Calf Shoes at \$3.50 a Specialty.

STEIN'S ACADEMY ORCHESTRA. Music Furnished for All Occasions.

MOSES STEIN,

Violin Teacher,

714 East Franklin Street, RICHMOND, VA.

J. M. BLANKS,

The

Prescription Druggist

Cor. Hancock and Clay Streets, ✱ Cor. Beverly and Randolph Streets,

'PHONE 799. RICHMOND, VA. 'PHONE 1268.

Notice!

If You Want the Best

Plumbing, Tinning, Gas-Fitting,

Culverting, Furnaces, Ranges, Fire-Place Heaters,
Gas Stoves, and Gas Radiators in the City, see

16 Governor
Street.

Dalton & Chappell.

"Correct Dress for Men and Boys." _____

GANS-RADY COMPANY,

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, and Hats,

Entire Building, 1005 E. Main Street,

OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE.

RICHMOND, VA.

Dabney & Johnston,

301 E. BROAD STREET, COR. THIRD.

—THE GRANDEST VARIETY OF—

Men's Shoes

we have ever shown, ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$5.00.

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

DABNEY & JOHNSTON.

Crozer Theological Seminary,

UPLAND, PENNA.

Post-Office and Railroad Station, CHESTER.

**Commodious Buildings. Furnished Rooms. Choice Library.
Eight Instructors. Course of Extra Lectures. Tuition, Room
Rent, and Fuel free. Address**

HENRY G. WESTON, D. D., President,
CHESTER, PA.


Southern Baptist Theological Seminary,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Next session of eight months opens OCTOBER 1st. Excellent equipment; able and progressive faculty; wide range of theological study. If help is needed to pay board, write to MR. B. PRESSLEY SMITH, Treasurer of Students' Fund.

For Catalogue or other information, write to

E. Y. MULLINS, President.

J. J. COLLINS,
GROCERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,
CONFECTIONERIES a Specialty. 
STATIONERY, LAMP FIXTURES,
OILS, and STUDENTS' SUPPLIES,
1500 W. BROAD STREET, OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE.

ANDREW G. BRIGGS, *Pharmacist*
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Agents for WHITMAN'S BOX CANDIES AND GIBSON'S FRUIT TABLETS.
Always in Stock a Fine Line of Stationery and Toilet Articles.
204 HOWITZER PLACE.

JOHN T. WEST,
Publisher Virginia School Journal, Warrock-Richardson Almanac.
COLLEGE AND SCHOOL PRINTING A SPECIALTY.
ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.
No. 7 North Seventh Street, - - RICHMOND, VA.

A. W. BENNETT,
Boarding and Fine Livery. 
OPEN EVERY HOUR IN THE YEAR. SPECIAL CARE TO BOARDERS.
Private Ambulance Service Day or Night.
601 and 603 W. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.
Old 'Phone 551. New 'Phone 714.

School and College Text-Books and Supplies.

Teachers' Bibles, from \$1 to \$9.

Pocket Books.

Writing Papers.

Fountain Pens, from \$1 to \$5.

HUNTER & CO.,

629 East Broad Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

*THE BEST-MADE CLOTHING, THE BEST-WEARING CLOTHING,
THE BEST-FITTING CLOTHING, at the Lowest Prices, at*

BURK'S CLOTHING HOUSE.

Being Manufacturers, we save all intermediate or Jobbers' Profits.
It's worth saving, too. We would be pleased to show you through
our stock. We know it will please you. TRY US!

**Burk's Clothing House, Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers,
1003 EAST MAIN STREET.**

HOMER & CLARK

MAKE THE BEST

Photographs.

Gold Medals Photographers' Association of America. Highest Honors
Photographers' Association of Virginia and North Carolina.
Honors from Ohio and London, England.

D. BUCHANAN & SON,
Jewelers and Opticians,
111 E. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

MEDALS AND BADGES MADE TO ORDER.

10 Per Cent. Reduction to Students.


OUR MOTTO: "REPUTATION."



-AT-
BERRY'S,
 Main and
 Eleventh Sts.
 RICHMOND,
 VIRGINIA.

A Pointer on "Economy in Dress."

We have studied the problem. . . We can give you good Clothes for the same price you used to pay for poor stuff. . . We can give you a perfect fit for the same price you used to pay for a misfit.

 10 per cent. discount to Professors and Students of Richmond College.

O. H. BERRY & CO.,
 Head-to-Foot Outfitters to Males.

Largest Capital of Any Bank or Trust Company in the Southern States.

Richmond Trust and Safe Deposit Co.,

N. W. CORNER TENTH AND MAIN STREETS.

Full Paid Capital,	-	-	-	\$1,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits,				612,000

Offers its services to the friends and patrons of Richmond College, and solicits their patronage.

THINK OF THIS: You can open an account with this Company, check on it at will, and yet receive interest on your daily balances. Large and small accounts received. Nothing is too large, and nothing too small.

JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS, President.

JAMES H. DOOLEY and HENRY L. CABELL, Vice-Pres'ts.

LEWIS D. CRENSHAW, JR., Treasurer.

The Messenger,

RICHMOND COLLEGE,

—PUBLISHED BY THE—

MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 1.

CONTENTS.

Faith.....	L. L. Jennings.	1
The Future of Richmond College.....	Carter Ashton Jenkins.	1
A Mountain Sleep-Song.....	N. G. C.	5
Origin and Development of Roman Law	W. H. Carter.	6
To My Queen.....	Lucile F. Johnson.	11
Rat and Junior	C. A. Jenkins, Jr.	11
In Memoriam.....		13
When the Twilight Closes In.....	L. L. Jennings.	13
The Power of Personality.....	L. M. Ritter.	14
The Wonders of Astronomy.....	C. A. Jenkins, Jr.	17
Limited Monarchy.....	P. P. Deans.	19
Character.....	L. L. Jennings.	24
Lee as a College President.....	E. S. J.	25
Creation.....	L. L. Jennings.	30
Home.....	K. S. French.	30
Etchings:		
October.....	L. L. Jennings.	33
A Pen Picture.....	E. L. C.	34
An Effiouxssion.....	C. A. Jenkins, Jr.	36
An Adventure.....	C. A. Jenkins, Jr.	37
Editorial.....	Carter Ashton Jenkins.	38
Grinds.....		39
Law Department.....	L. B. Cox.	43
Literary Notes.....	J. C. Quarles.	45
On the Campus.....	S. T. Matthews.	46

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

MU SIGMA RHO.

J. P. McCABE.....President.
E. P. BUXTON.....Vice-President.
W. D. CARVER.....Secretary.
J. M. HUGHES.....Treasurer.

PHILOLOGIAN.

L. B. COX.....President.
W. A. WALLACE.....Vice-President.
B. D. GAW.....Secretary.
J. J. JOHNSON.....Treasurer.

THE MESSENGER.

CARTER ASHTON JENKENS.....Editor.
THOMAS V. McCAUL.....Manager.

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

DR. J. A. C. CHANDLER...President.
T. R. SANFORD.....Vice-President.
E. P. BUXTON.....Secretary.
R. F. STAPLES.....Treasurer.

FOOT-BALL.

C. H. DUNAWAY.....Manager.
M. LANKFORD.....Captain.

BASE-BALL.

.....Manager.
.....Captain.

TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

C. A. JENKENS, Jr.....President.
H. DEANS.....Vice-President.

Y. M. C. A.

R. A. MCFARLAND.....President.
L. M. RITTER.....Vice-President.
W. P. CLARK.....Secretary.
W. H. CARTER.....Treasurer.

FRATERNITIES.

KAPPA ALPHA.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA.

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

KAPPA SIGMA.

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 1.

Faith.

BY L. L. JENNINGS.

As when the rosy tints of Dawn stream o'er
The gloomy edge of Night—awakening thrill!
So, when I beat off Doubt's Plutonian shore,
Doth Faith illumine the shadows dark and chill.

The Future of Richmond College.

BY CARTER A. JENKENS.

AS I glance down the vista of ages, and note the rapid growth of Richmond College in the past, my thoughts reiterate o'er and o'er the glories that are to be. Knowing, both from present and past indications, that she is destined to become the most renowned seat of learning in the civilized world by the latter part of the present century, we may inculcate a few of the idiopathic mysteries yet to appear, and premeditate with pride the future career of our own *alma mater*.

Like every college in which early obstacles are great, she was retarded at the first outset in her history; but, like every college where those difficulties are no more than enough to awaken salutary exertions, she is soon to take the lead, and leave all her early competitors in amazement at her inexplicable progress. Her advantages in athletics will be inadequate for a while to enable her to be a victorious contestant

in the international meets which she will enter, but before the expiration of a third of a century all of her antagonists will be constrained to admit, as did the Athenians to Miltiades before the day of Marathon, that in learning she has no rival, and to yield to her the place of eminence.

One characteristic idiosyncrasy that already permeates every thoughtful mind is the rapidly-increasing tendency to co-education. But as we ford the stream of time we can perceive no success along this line for our college for some time to come. Within fifteen years' interval we may prophesy that a mighty conflagration will sweep from the campus the present buildings, leaving the entire yard in sack-cloth and ashes for several subsequent annals. All alumni and patrons of Richmond College will immediately be paralyzed and astounded, because the sullen hope of ever rebuilding this institution will cause its maintainers to relapse into a state of pessimism, too discouraged to undertake another suitable college structure. But, at length, O sons of Richmond College, an unlooked-for light will drive every obscurity from your shadowy souls, because opportunely, and as it would seem providentially, some anonymous lover of education will pass away, leaving a half million of dollars for the erection of a new building, to be known as the Baptist Co-Educational University of America. The most skillful artisans, architects, and sculptors of the world will unite in producing the grandest educational structure on earth. Of course, our sister institution will at once close her doors forever, while her daughters will occupy a restricted portion of our new home. For two or three successive sessions the boys will hold aloof from the new-comers, until custom gets in its perfect work and differentiation ceases to predominate. Then, as a result, this university will gain the reputation of being the marrying ground for all the maids of the land, both young and old. Here applications will be made by all the leading professors of Har-

vard, Yale, Princeton, &c., for the new chairs that are to be established. (The honor system will ever be maintained, but light forms of hazing will be tolerated.)

By the middle of the present century sufficient endowments will have been made to build a gymnasium, an athletic field, a large mess-hall, and a hospital.

The gymnasium will cost \$200,000, and, after its completion, no other can even hold second place to it. The building will consist of two floors—one for the male students, the other for the female—and a running track will separate them. During the mid-winter season we shall engage in in-door contests with other colleges of the United States, frequently meeting defeat throughout the first few years. But after the training of a most proficient gymnasium instructor has taken its lasting effect, we can produce a team invincible and irresistible.

In field athletics we cannot aspire to the desired throne of success until later in the history of the university. Our new field will offer every advantage, and on public occasions throngs will assemble as spectators, not only from Richmond, but from the neighboring cities and States. The universities of the North will occasionally win in foot-ball and base-ball, but in track events their colors must fall forever, while they behold our glory almost extending to the mystic portals of Eternity. It will not be until the close of the present era that we shall win the championship of the Western world in foot-ball and base-ball in the same year, and establish our permanent supremacy. During this same eventful session we predict that our track team will secure the championship of the world, contesting in London, where most of the world's records will be broken. This will cause the university, of which we all shall be proud, to become the object of envy throughout the collegiate world. It is unnecessary to enumerate other features over which we shall raise the red and the blue, for finally the most exciting contests in the world will

be those held on our own grounds between our own students.

Besides all hinted at above, we shall enjoy every improvement of the age. A new refectory, with an accommodating capacity of two thousand, will gracefully pose where the administration dwellings now stand. The faculty will occupy all of upper Grace street. No longer will there be any complaints of poor fare, and the manner in which it is prepared and served will render intense satisfaction. No more combination of poultry and egg; no more uncertain sausage and beef that has wallowed in the dust of thirty summers. Every article will be fresh, most of it coming from an immense farm not far from here, and owned by the university. In consequence of this many students will find a means of obtaining an education.

Just across the street, opposite the new Science Hall, will tower a stately granite mansion, within whose walls will be stationed the most expert nurses and doctors, who will spend their lives in the service of our spacious institution. Liquid air will have come into constant use by this period, and will here attain to perfection. The hospital will cost \$150,000, and will greatly increase the safety of college life.

The Philologist and Mu Sigma Rho Literary Societies will grow from year to year in proportion to the increase in the number of students, until, at length, each will have a special Master of Oratory, and the inter-society exhibitions will be of the highest order. Now the training of rhetoric can have full play, and the students will have new faculties developed.

It is a sad fact, but, nevertheless, we are obliged to admit that, at present, fraternities hold but a minor position. Yet, as our fancy falls over the precipice of ages, we discover that time has wrought a powerful revolution in this department. On Franklin and other streets near the university will rise costly palaces, owned by their own members—some fraternities, some sororities. Besides those chapters already under headway, many others will find a home here, such as Chi

Phi, Zeta Psi, Delta Phi, D. K. E., &c. In days to come, it will be an honor to belong to a fraternity here, because only such students as will be of credit to the society will find admittance.

Other achievements that would naturally follow this course of prosperity need not be mentioned, for they are self-evident. By looking backward, we are enabled to look forward, because tendencies are prophetic. How soon the above state of affairs will materialize depends chiefly upon those enrolled upon the student list now and for the next few years. But, however thick may be the cloud of despondency, finally the mist must unveil the clear canopy of success, and leave Richmond College standing out in bold relief, the envy of the world, the pride of America.

A Mountain Sleep-Song.

BY N. G. C.

Come baby, my dearie,
Your small feet are weary
With toddling all day to and fro on the floor.
The night winds are calling,
The shadows are falling,
And creeping like phantom-friends in at the door.

Come rest, little girlie,
Your golden head curly
Has puzzled enough over problems of play—
Night comes, mist enshrouded,
The blue skies are clouded,
The dark curtains shut out the shine of the day.

Rest, rest, little maiden,
The chill wind is laden
With a soft-sobbing melody thro' the ravine—

The mountain brook splashes
 Over boulders, and dashes
 A-down its rough bed to the far valley green.

Sleep, sleep, my wee treasure;
 God's love without measure
 Shall compass you 'round like the mountain-tops high?
 No danger disturb you,
 Nor ill dreams perturb you,
 For lo! His bright angels are watching close by!

The Origin and Development of Roman Law.

BY W. H. CARTER.

IN studying the life and achievements of a great people, there is one factor that naturally demands a great deal of attention and investigation. This is the laws by which the people are governed, and by which they shape the course of their daily lives. And so, when one considers the greatness of Rome, that great city before whose standard the nations of the earth once bowed, the mind almost involuntarily turns to a consideration of the laws that shaped the life and conduct of this mighty people, and were thus instrumental in placing them upon the lofty pinnacle of fame to which they attained.

It has been said of an ancient people that "In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes." So it might be said of Rome that, in the early days of the little village on the Tiber, there was practically no law. The mighty system of jurisprudence, which was destined to exert so powerful an influence upon succeeding nations, had not yet been conceived.

The beginning of Roman law may be said to be the *patria potestas*, or the authority which a Roman citizen exercised over his own family and dependents, and which was of the

greatest significance in giving shape and color to the city's social and political institutions. Rome's early intercourse with her neighbors in war had much to do with the development of her legal system, and, until she had made powerful advances in her career of conquest, Roman law was doubtless of no more interest or importance than Greek law, and was only a collection of ceremonial and semi-religious rules governing the relations of the privileged patrician *gentes* to each other and to the magistrates. These rules were known only to the patricians and other privileged classes. If any provision existed for securing the rights of a plebeian, he had no way of finding it out other than submitting his case to the test.

As time went on, and the city grew and developed, this state of affairs naturally caused great discontent among the plebeians. They demanded to know the law, and to be admitted to the exercise of its power. The first step they demanded was the codification and publication of the law. In consequence of this demand, the celebrated Twelve Tables were prepared, and made public in 451 and 450 B. C. by two successive special commissions of ten men, known as the *Decemvirs*. Thus, for the first time, was the Roman law written down and made public, it being engraved on copper tablets and set up in the Forum. The history of the law can be traced with more or less accuracy from the preparation of these tables, four centuries and half before Christ, to the compilation of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, more than five centuries after Christ. Through all this long period, of nearly a thousand years, the Roman law was constantly changing and developing. The alterations it underwent were neither violent nor revolutionary; they proceeded from point to point with a slow, natural, and steady progress, but they amounted, in the course of centuries, to extensive and important changes of the system.

The historical interval of almost ten centuries that inter-

venes between the Twelve Tables and *Corpus Juris Civilis* is divided into three periods of nearly equal lengths, corresponding in general to the three periods most prominent in the political history of Rome—the period of the republic, the period of the heathen emperors, and the period of the Christian emperors. The first period for the history of the law begins with the publication of the Twelve Tables in 450 B. C., and extends to 100 B. C. The distinguishing feature of this period is the liberalization of the law, and its transformation from a system of arbitrary rules and forms to a system of justice and equity. The second period, beginning at 100 B. C., extends to 250 A. D. Its distinguishing feature is the development of a scientific law—literature. The third period, beginning at 250 A. D., extends to 550 A. D. Its distinguishing feature is the formation of great law codes and the publication of a complete *codex*.

The Twelve Tables were really the foundation of the whole system of Roman jurisprudence. All other works were based on them, and all succeeding codes were revisions and emendations of them. As may be expected, there were many crudities and imperfections in the Twelve Tables, and there were many attempts to produce a complete and perfect code, that would meet the needs of all cases and measure up to all the requirements of the large and growing empire.

In the year 527 A. D., Justinian came to the imperial throne, and in 528 entered upon the work of collecting, revising, and codifying the existing laws. The *Corpus Juris Civilis*, the first great law-book of the Roman people, was the result of his labors. This book embodied the most complete code of laws that had yet been published. It contained all the cardinal principles of the Twelve Tables, together with the corrections, amendments, and additions to the original code. This revision and codification of the law involved great labor, and many eminent jurists were engaged in the task. The foremost of these was Trebonian, and the

completeness and thoroughness of this code is a fitting testimonial to his capacity and energy. The work of revision was completed and the code issued with imperial sanction in April, 529, a little more than a year having been consumed in the task.

This revision had brought to light many imperfections in the original code, and, as time went on and laws and customs changed, it was resolved to subject it to a still more thorough revision. This occupied a year, and in November, 534, the new *Codex Constitutionum* was published, to take effect on the 29th of December, the former *codex* having been repealed. This is the form in which the law has come down to us, and it is a well-arranged, systematic work.

It must not be supposed that the period intervening between the accession of Justinian to the throne and the final revision of the law was a period of idleness. During all these years various minor works were developing, the salient points of which were included in the *Codex Constitutionum*, and so, at the close of the year 534, Justinian had accomplished the task of the reconstruction of the law on which he had entered six years before. Rome now had a complete system of law and jurisprudence, that was thought to be adequate for the needs of all cases in the administration of justice. But the appetite for legislation, like other appetites, is apt to grow with what it feeds upon. As the empire grew and extended its dominion, the compilers of the *Corpus Juris Civilis* must have felt that there were still many imperfections in the new code, which called for still further improvements to meet the requirements of the new conditions brought about by the development of the empire. Hence it is not surprising to find that Justinian, after the completion of his great work, issued a large number of new constitutions (*novellæ constitutiones*), especially during the period extending from 535 to 545. While it is true that a great number of these constitutions made little or no change in the existing law, yet there were

some which introduced important and far-reaching changes.

The Roman law had by no means the same form, or anything like the same form, all through the history of the republic and the empire that is found in the books of Justinian. On the other hand, the Justinian books represent only one stage—the last that was attained in ancient times—of a long process of change and development from the crudities and imperfections of the Twelve Tables to the compendious *Codex Constitutionum*.

But the Justinian code, notwithstanding the labor bestowed on it, does not seem to have ever been very widely used by those for whom it was intended. It was rather cumbersome, and was superseded in actual practice by abridgements and paraphrases of its main points. To one contemplating the fate of this Justinian code two or three centuries later, it might possibly have seemed to be a splendid and elaborate failure. By the year 717 the books of the *Corpus Juris Civilis* had almost ceased to be used in their original form, and the paraphrases and abridgements were found to be so ill adapted to the needs of the times that Leo, the Isaurian, who was then on the imperial throne, thought it necessary to issue a new code of his own, the last code of any importance that was ever issued.

Thus has there come down to us through the vicissitudes of time this great system of jurisprudence. The modern world owes a great debt to ancient Rome. She worked out to success or failure a great number of the problems that present themselves to the statesmen and law-makers of to-day. The law systems of the civilized world are all modeled after the Roman system, and Roman law has thoroughly permeated the law codes of the nations of the twentieth century. While Rome has left many witnesses of her greatness, yet the greatest of all is her law system. Iron and brass may pass away, and works wrought in stone may crumble to dust, but intellectual achievements will never perish. Mouldering and

dilapidated are the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Capitol; forgotten are other works through which Rome attained her supremacy, but the system of law worked out by the master minds of Rome's greatest jurists is a monument far more enduring than marble, and an achievement that will last till time is no longer, as a testimonial of the greatness of Rome, the once proud mistress of the world.

To My Queen.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LUCILE FORREST JOHNSON.

What care I to hear
The sweet song of a bird,
For thy voice has a note
The truest ever heard.

What care I if God
Veils the stars of the skies,
For the purest of stars
Brightly shines in thine eyes.

What care I if Spring
Brings me blossoms and bow'rs,
For there blooms in thine heart
The most matchless of flow'rs.

This wild bird of passion,
This white star far above,
This pure flow'r of the soul,
Has a name, and it's—Love!

Rat and Junior.

BY C. A. JENKENS, JR.

THE Junior was comfortably sprawled out on the steps of the broad veranda, dividing his time between teasing Miss Polly and worrying a scrawny little yellow kitten, which

insisted on perambulating over his restless frame. A few lazy collegians strolled by, with envious glances at the favored one.

"Here comes that confounded Rat Dewey. Why the deuce he wants to come loafing up here is more than I know," growled the Junior.

"Perhaps he comes to see me," said the coy Miss Polly.

"Impossible. He probably is hungry, and wants one of those famous crullers. I know that is the only reason I came up this afternoon. I'll ask him. Hey, there, Tom! You didn't come to see Polly, did you? Confess, now; wasn't it to get a few crullers?"

The Rat, visibly embarrassed, returned: "No, I am not hungry."

"O, won't you sit down, Mr. Dewey? And do take one of these crullers. I made them myself."

The Rat immediately pictures his divinity daintily working in the kitchen, while the Junior remembers the order for three dozen crullers he heard given at Bussler's that morning.

"Well, I must go," says the upper classman, with a bored air.

Polly, who has just urged Dewey to remain at all hazards until the Junior has departed, smiles sweetly, and says: "Don't hurry, Tom. You have been here such a short time." Then she makes Dewey madly jealous with, "Don't forget you are to take me to the concert to-morrow night."

And Dewey wonders why he ever thought the Junior was such a fine fellow. And the Junior muses: "Freshmen are getting fresher every day. That little fool ought to see she is only stringing him."

Thus the little drama is played over and over again. Soon Dewey will be the Junior, soliloquizing in the same manner, with heart-felt pity for the Rat who is being "*strung*." The maiden breaks college men's hearts by the score, and finally

marries the young merchant or stock broker, who has never seen the inside of a college. Student, beware!

[Mr. Matthews wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not the original of either the Rat or the Junior in this sketch.]

In Memoriam.

Whereas our Heavenly Father, in His wise and discerning providence, has seen fit to call from our midst our beloved friend and benefactor, Dr. William D. Thomas; and,

Whereas we have suffered a great loss in the death of this distinguished teacher, kind friend, and honored alumnus; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That we bow in humble submission to the Divine will, and say, "Thy will be done."

Resolved, 2. That we, the Mu Sigma Rho Society, extend to the bereaved family our sincere and heart-felt sympathy.

Resolved, 3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, published in THE MESSENGER, and spread upon the minutes of the Society.

Respectfully submitted,

PERCY PEMBERTON,
L. M. RITTER,
ROBERT N. POLLARD,
Committee.

When the Twilight Closes In.

BY L. L. JENNINGS.

When the twilight closes in, my dear,
When the twilight closes in,
And I feel the gathering shadows near,
And ghastly leers a demon grin
Above the troubled waters' croon,
So palely gleaming 'neath the moon,

No tremor, dearie, will enslave
Me with a horror of the grave,
If I shall know thy handclasp, love, and hear
Thee whisper comfort thro' the din,
When the twilight closes in, my dear,
When the twilight closes in.

When the twilight closes in, my dear,
When the twilight closes in,
And throughout me creeps a long-gone fear—
The ghost of some forgiven sin,
Forgiven, yet whose memory
Doth chill me as an icy sea—
Ah, dearie, if thou wilt caress
And kiss me in thy tenderness,
The shadowy pall that droops around the bier
Will fade, as that forgiven sin,
When the twilight closes in, my dear,
When the twilight closes in.

When the twilight closes in, my dear,
When the twilight closes in,
And the Night's grim curtains, gloomy, drear,
Enwrap my loved ones, home, and kin,
A quiet, dearie, born of thee,
Enfolding 'round and calming me,
Will hush the moaning river's sound,
And bid me fear not, outward bound,
If thou, good angel of my life, stand near,
As that lone journey I begin,
When the twilight closes in, my dear,
When the twilight closes in.

The Power of Personality.

BY L. M. RITTER.

AMONG the many factors that determine one's life, personality is one of the most potent.

Undoubtedly man is, to a certain extent, a product of his environment. Now, if it be true that every change is caused, and that no student can live at college and not grow and change radically, what are the principal causes and forces that influence his life? Emerson said, "Every man is a cause." But, is he not also an effect? If so, then he is fashioned by some force. What, then, is this power? If we should ask ourselves this question, would we not have to acknowledge that it is the power of personality, and not simply the study of science or of the classics?

In life, we meet, exchange greetings, and then pass on. But this greeting is not without its effects. Every man has a message. But how few of us get the real messages contained in the classics, or understand and apply the great revelations of science! How much energy is spent in mastering (or in trying to master) certain classes which put us a few points nearer the coveted first two letters of the alphabet!

And yet we do feel the power of personality in the study of some text-books. The very mention of a strong character in history will make our pulses beat quicker. Think of the potential power, the personality of man, stored away on the shelves of the great libraries. The study of life influences life. We know the lives of men not by reputation, but by what they write. Some one has said that "Common souls pay with what they do; noble souls with that which they *are*." It is that part of themselves which men put into books that wields the sceptre of influence. Some dead men are greater than some who live to-day. The world feels the influence to-day of men like Shakespeare, Luther, Darwin, Drummond, and many others.

Then, too, there is the marvelous power exerted by the intimate friendships made at college. Life both gives and receives. There are some men who draw us like a magnet, and others who repel us by their very nature. The soul that really influences us has something in its nature that harmo-

nizes with our way of thinking and acting. It is this kind of a character that we seem to be drawn to by the law of affinity. It is from this life that we like to receive sympathy, and in this life that we like to confide, and thus give a part of ourselves.

We are told that there are no two things alike. Then, if this be true, one thing is certain—namely, that every man is a non-conformist, to a certain degree at least. It is this individuality that the world holds us responsible for; it is this self, this personality of ours, by which they would judge us. He whose lot is cast upon this planet must live and die, knowing that the world will place its stamp upon him as being worth so much. The world places its premium on every man. Every man writes his own epitaph, but the world sometimes fails to interpret it and carve it upon his tombstone.

But who can measure the power of personality? We know strength by results, and results by observation. Then, are we not what we are to-day *because* of what the world has been? As Emerson says, have we not received all of the vitality of our forefathers? Truly, personality is life, and does life ever die? "Men walk as prophecies of the next age." We build monuments and hang tablets to the memory of man, but in time these must crumble. Shall we also say that the personality of man passes away with the crumbling of the last brick that marks his memory?

"Themselves will fade,
But not their memory.
And memory has the power
To re-create them from the dust."

We cannot bury example; we cannot crucify influence. These channels, once started, flow on through the journey of life.

How can we forget some people? Some men set us to

thinking. It is an inspiration to sit at the feet of some professors. While they sometimes keep us guessing, still they lead us into the realm of knowledge which makes us appreciate life more, and helps us to see that nothing is so dear as life itself.

"There are deeds which shall not pass away, and names that must not cease, though the earth forgets her empires with a just decay."

Life is reality, not a dream; activity, not a drifting; sacred, not a plaything; eternal, not temporal. Are these strange words? They are only old truths, which the world has recognized for ages. There are some truths that never change.

"Nothing is more strange than truth, and nothing at times more terrible."

What, then, is one thing among the many which we as college men ought to do? "Act, act in the living present"; and remember Carlyle's words: "It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the meanest of us, have an end."

The Wonders of Astronomy.

BY C. A. J., JR.

I always liked Astronomy,
And used to think it fine;
Until I struck Dr. Winston's room,
Where I began to pine.

I learned about the planets,
Both Uranus and Mars;
I studied so intently
My head was full of stars.

I often used to sit out-doors
And watch the changing ball;
I knew the weather soon would change
When Mercury did fall.

Then, too, I found the funniest place,
Where there's naught else but mirth,
For all things lose their gravity
At the centre of the earth.

I found propriety requires,
If to those wilds you stray,
The Little Dipper should be used
To drink the Milky whey.

I learned about the Asteroids
Which in the heavens hide;
I'd many a trip to the starry depths
If I had an ass-to-ride.

One day I took the Hunting Dogs,
Once owned by fierce O'Ryan,
And traveled all the heavens o'er
To find the mighty Lion.

At last the Pointers found the trail
And brought the beast to bay—
They put him in Job's Coffin then,
And sadly went away.

And once when I went out to hunt
The heavens o'er with care,
With shooting stars for weapons,
I hit the Little Bear.

I found, though rings are nests of scamps,
For power most unfit,
That Saturn's always in a ring,
And not disgraced a bit.

My knowledge grew like yeasty bread,
My head began to rise,
Until at last a comet came
And bore me to the skies.

Limited Monarchy.

BY P. P. DEANS.

WE would crave space in our valuable MESSENGER to present some reasons in favor of a limited monarchy. It would be a pleasing task to trace the origin of government, springing from an in-born desire and necessity for mutual protection, and, at the same time, to note its development through the family, the tribe, the race, and the nation. It would be equally as interesting to observe that the physical, intellectual, and moral conditions of the subjects must not be overlooked in the formation and prosperity of every nation. The great problem of government, in its gradual solution, is presenting marked improvements in every direction. Yet there is no perfect standard. Almost all forms we see have their advantages and disadvantages. We love, as loyally as any, our own Government, yet we can observe its defects. Patriotic emotions should not bias our minds and judgments. We think a limited monarchy, as exemplified in the English Government, presents some advantages over our own system of government. We would contrast England and the United States, believing they present us the best examples.

Limited monarchies ordinarily rise above the accidents and changes of republics. In a limited monarchy the powers of the king and law-making bodies are so well adjusted that we naturally find more permanency. The temptations to attempt radical changes are slight. Scarcely less than a revolution, overturning the government, can produce serious alterations. In republics, almost every change of administration exposes

us to new policies, which tend to paralyze almost every department of business. Men are afraid to accept the unstable positions of affairs, and to proceed to build their public and private fortunes. Some, more designing than others, await an opportunity to pull down existing laws and to enact others to promote their own schemes. We have ample illustrations of these here at home in the great tariff and monetary contentions. They are written too often in a general paralysis of business, in corresponding depression of values, in the ruined fortunes and lost homes of the poor, and in a depreciated and distrusted currency. Over these blackened and charred ruins have risen naturally gigantic trusts, wielding their immense powers over rulers and law-makers, as well as the common people. No wonder we find a war between capital and labor, in the opposing ranks of which we find arrayed all classes. All these tend to serious national weakness. May no future historian dip his pen in gall to recite our downfall, while we go to join the long list of democracies whose ruins strew the shores of time! All these upheavals which rock our old ship of state, threatening to rend asunder her joints, are comparatively either unknown under the limited monarchy of England, or, if they are known, they produce only a slight ripple upon the placid surface.

The right of the majority to rule in republics is often an element of weakness, not found under all circumstances in a limited monarchy. It is a beautiful theory that all men are born equal. Poets, orators, and statesmen have lisped its praise. We admit that, in many respects, they are equal. They are alike entitled to the same life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, and ample protection in their enjoyment; but inequalities are written in almost every step, from the cradle to the grave. Some seem to be children of Destiny and Providence. Superior minds have ruled the world in all ages—Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun, Lee, and Gladstone do not find their equals in the ignorant voters at the

ballot-box. It is not to be denied that some races are superior to others. The African and the Malay are not the equals of the Caucassian. The Anglo-Saxon race, whose noble blood flows in our veins, we believe, under the blessing of God, is destined to rule, to civilize, and to Christianize the world. Yet in republics the power of those under the rule of the majority may be overwhelmed by the ignorant and the degraded. These hold in their hands a weapon which may ruthlessly strike down the dearest right of birth and position. In republics the poor may oppress the rich, the rich the poor, the ignorant the intelligent, if they shall be in the majority. There are no natural balance-wheels to adjust the differences. Various expedients have been used to counteract the evil. To-day laws are adopted to extend the right of suffrage, and to-morrow laws are passed to restrict the tide of emigration to their shores. Paradoxical as it may seem, the ballot-box, which was designed to protect every voter alike, holds out temptations to corruption and fraud in order to neutralize the danger. Too often the honest voter knows not the value of his ballot. This is an alarming element of republican weakness. Grecian and Roman democracies felt its withering and blighting influence. We know too well the result of placing the ballot in the hands of an ignorant and emancipated race. Suddenly awaking to freedom, with no training and little experience, they soon become the willing victims of designing and intriguing men. In our own Southland they have too often borne rule over intelligence, virtue, and social position. The heart grows sick as we read the history or hear our fathers recite the events of those days of Southern reconstruction after the Civil War. The race conflicts continue to show their trend in innocent victims of violated virtue, bloodshed, and lynching. Millions more of inferior races may soon be knocking at our doors for citizenship. The index finger of prophetic vision may now be pointing to an elevation of the degraded races of the Phillipine Islands. This is not the

case in old England, proud mistress of the sea, where the rights of all are respected under a wise and judicious administration of her wholesome laws. The masses cannot overthrow the citadels of her liberties. She is undisturbed amid our convulsions.

Political parties in republics are more liable to overthrow the institutions of the country than in a limited monarchy. Study the rise and growth of parties. From small beginnings they may increase until they control the executive, legislative, and judicial departments. At their will they may then enact just such laws as they please. These popular waves have often, in late years, put one party into the possession of all the machinery of the government. When thus in power they have proceeded upon the supposition they must undo all the acts of the other, right or wrong. Our sad Civil War was undoubtedly the result of party strife and supremacy. Our secular press of to-day is filled with charges and counter-charges from the two great parties of this country. The one side is declaring that the Administration is prostituting all its powers to render secure its continuance in power another term, while equally as serious charges are hurled against them by the friends of the Administration. This is an unhealthy state of affairs, portentous of harm. Demagogues and politicians too often lead the ignorant masses. A large element of all parties is too ignorant to understand the issues. They often march to the polls at the call of party, or are ready to be purchased by the highest bidder. Often the poor are constrained to cast their votes against their convictions, under the fear of loss of employment. We believe that these large elements, with no settled convictions, and open to the best bargains, hold the balance of power in our land, and can turn the tide of almost any election. We presume no one will claim that these are elements of strength and solidity. In England, to a great degree, the government is exempt from these dangers. Her masses

may be excited, but they cannot accomplish much. The King holds office for life. The House of Lords is subject to but few changes. The House of Commons, fresh from the people, can accomplish nothing without the other body.

Limited monarchies bring into use minds best trained by time, education, and experience. These are true elements of efficiency in every enterprise. To succeed in anything, it is best to bring to it patient and skilled training. The days of youth are usually the drill time for the battle of life. With a reasonable prospect for continuance in office, her young men are encouraged to prepare for their positions. On the other hand, the bane of rotation in office under republics brings into power often unskilled and ignorant rulers and law-makers. This deceptive plea for office logically implies that the office is made for the man, and not man for the office.

A practical review of limited monarchies and republics shows that limited monarchies have been stronger and more stable than republics. History reveals its truth. Rome saw her greatest glory under a monarchy built upon the ruins of her democracy. Macedonia, in her early history, never dreamed of her grandeur under Alexander. China has witnessed the dawn of many centuries. Russia, with her long years of peaceful sway, still grows in strength under an absolute monarchy. How strange that her Czar should call the nations of the earth to a peace conference, the happy consummation of which would add a strong lever to the strength and stability of all governments. Germany, the land of universities and scholars, is strong in her fortress. England is proud of her long and bright history. It was she that rocked the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race. From her island home she stretches out her arms of possession in every quarter of the globe, and upon her dominion the sun never sets. Under the lion of England and the eagle of America may the nations of the world be greatly blessed.

On the other hand, democracies and republics of an-

cient days were mainly of short duration. They fall partly from elements of their own weakness. The Government of the United States, the fairest and best experiment of republics, has had a wonderful prosperity. But she is not yet venerable with years and hoary from age. She has had many convulsions. How sad her Civil War, followed so closely by many other painful changes. The graves of our noble soldier boys, which annually, upon the return of spring, we decorate, tell a tale of long and pathetic sorrows and grievances. Our forefathers laid in love the foundation of our republic, yet it never dawned on their vision that in the second century of its existence we might be fighting battles of conquest and subjugation in foreign lands, bringing into unwilling submission inferior races, and thereby changing the first and best ideals of our government. Where are we drifting? Are we allured on by the siren song of empire? Do we catch the notes of imperialistic reign? Shall we yet see an empire reared upon the ruins of the fairest of republics? We ardently love our country, and wish that skilled hands may be laid upon her throbbing pulse, and gently lead her in the right way. If we could plant some of the strong elements of our old mother country where now are diseased members, we might securely save our fair land.

Character.

BY L. L. JENNINGS.

There lies within the depth of each man's heart
The hidden counter-mate of every phase
Of that wide life of which we are a part—
Small atoms in the universal maze!
For life is but a stone, and strangely cut
By human hands since as a perfect gem
The great God gave it, without blur or rut,
Into the feeble, faltering hands of them

Who first, forgetful of His supreme grace,
 Sinned, in the hope to equal God-like pow'r;
 And, sinning, blurred and chipped its radiant face
 From out His great design—unholy hour!

Tho' we have but the marred, imperfect stone,
 And worthy naught beyond a dreamless grave,
 Yet it is given us, a right our own,
 Since One thro' His own blood atonement gave,
 By polishing the dark and grievous stain,
 And cutting down the rough, uneven edge,
 At last through Him the perfect form regain—
 O, sure fulfillment of the Garden pledge!
 So that, upon that dying hour, when Time
 Shall pulse the last throb on the Eternal Shore,
 The radiance of that gem will gleam sublime,
 As it once did in Eden long before.

Lee as a College President—Reminiscences of His Work in Lexington.

PROF. EDWARD S. JOYNES, who holds the Chair of Modern Languages at Columbia College, S. C., a similar position to that he held at Washington College, now the Washington and Lee University, when Gen. Robert E. Lee was president, gives some interesting reminiscences of General Lee in that capacity. Professor Joynes says, in a letter written to a friend:

“My recollections shall be chiefly of General Lee as a college president. It is as such that he is chiefly present to my memory—always for admiration, sometimes for contrast with later experiences. I will not enlarge upon the quiet dignity and patience with which he always presided over our often wordy and tedious meetings, his perfect impartiality and unwearied courtesy, his manifest effort to sink his own person-

ality, as if to minimize the influence which he knew attached to his own views, and to leave to the faculty as a body, and to each member of it, the fullest sense of authority and independence.

"Indeed, nowhere else in all my wide experience have I found so much of personal dignity and influence attached to the professorship as at Lexington; and this was largely due to the courtesy and deference with which General Lee treated the faculty, and every member of it, in both official and private relations. Yet not the less, on these rare occasions, when it became necessary, did he assert the full measure of his authority. He rarely spoke in faculty meeting, and then only at the close of debate—usually to re-state the question at issue, seldom with any decided expression of his own opinion or wish.

HELD PROFESSORS IN CHECK.

"I remember on one occasion a professor quoted a certain regulation in the by-laws. Another replied that it had become a dead letter. 'Then,' said General Lee, 'let it be repealed. A dead letter inspires disrespect for the whole body of laws.'

"On another occasion a professor appealed to precedent, and added, 'We must not respect persons.' General Lee at once replied: 'In dealing with young men I always respect persons, and care little for precedent.'

"When General Lee became president of Washington College it had been required that students should occupy the college dormitories; only a few of the older students were permitted to lodge in town. General Lee reversed this rule. As a measure of discipline, it was required that all students board and lodge in the families of the town; to lodge in the dormitory was accorded as a privilege. He said the young boys needed the influence of family life; the dormitories he regarded as offering temptations to license. The result vindicated the wisdom of his view.

DEALING WITH THE STUDENTS.

"In dealing with the young men General Lee had a truly marvelous success. The students fairly worshipped him and deeply dreaded his displeasure; yet so kind, affable, and gentle was he toward them that all loved to approach him. Still, an official summons to his office struck terror even into the most hardened.

"A young fellow, whose general record was none too good, was summoned to answer for absence. He stated his excuse, and then, hesitatingly, he added another and another. 'Stop, Mr. —,' said General Lee, 'one good reason should be sufficient to satisfy an honest mind,' with an emphasis on the word 'honest' that spoke volumes.

"Another, an excellent student, now a distinguished lawyer in Tennessee, was once beguiled into an unexcused absence. The dreaded summons came. With his heart in his boots he entered General Lee's office. The General met him, smiling. 'Mr. M., I am glad to see you are better.' 'But, General, I have not been sick.' 'Then I am glad to see you have better news from home.' 'But, General, I have had no bad news.' 'Ah,' said the General, 'I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty.' Mr. M. told me, in relating this incident, that he then felt as if he wished the earth to open and swallow him.

"To a recalcitrant student, who was contending for what he thought his right as a man, I once heard General Lee say: 'Obedience to lawful authority is the foundation of manly character'—in those very words.

"On rare occasions of disorder, actual or threatened, General Lee would post a manuscript address to students on the bulletin-board. These were known among the boys as his 'General Orders.' They never failed of their effect. No student would have dared to violate General Lee's express

wish or appeal ; if one had done so, the students themselves would have driven him from the college.

IDLENESS A VICE.

“I wish to add one other important fact, illustrating General Lee’s view of discipline, in a case of frequent occurrence. He held idleness to be not a negative, but a positive vice. It often happened that the plea was made that an idle student was doing no harm, and indirectly deriving benefit, etc. General Lee said : ‘No. A young man is always doing something ; if not good, then harm to himself and others.’ So that merely persistent idleness was with him always sufficient cause for dismissal.

“General Lee’s ideal of education was the training of manly character, and that, for him, meant Christian character. To a venerable minister of Lexington he said : ‘I shall be disappointed, sir—I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here—unless these young men all become consistent Christians.’ When he came to Lexington the old president’s house was in a sadly dilapidated condition. The trustees desired to build at once a suitable house for the president’s residence. But General Lee insisted that the first money collected should be devoted to building a chapel, and he would not allow the president’s house to be begun until the chapel had been completed and furnished—that chapel beneath which now rests his own beautiful mausoleum. Here daily religious services were held at an early hour by the ministers of Lexington, in rotation—but not on Sunday, for General Lee preferred that the students should go to the church of their parents in the town.

HIS IDEAS OF EDUCATION.

“General Lee had very well-defined opinions on educational subjects. In quoting some of these it might, perhaps, be unjust to apply them to present conditions, which, of course, could not then be foreseen. He was a strong advo-

cate of practical, even technical education, as was shown by his own plans for Washington College; but he was equally firm in his support of training studies and liberal culture. I have often heard him say it had been his life-long regret that he had not completed his classical education (in which, however, he had a respectable scholarship) before going to West Point. Also, he did not believe in separate technical schools, but thought 'that scientific and professional studies could best be taught when surrounded by the liberalizing influence of a literary institution.' Hence he sought to unite all these in the development of Washington College.

"Especially General Lee did not believe in a military education for others than army officers. 'Military education,' he used to say, 'is an unfortunate necessity for the soldier, but the worst possible preparation for civil life.' 'For many years,' he said, 'I have observed the failure in business pursuits of men who have resigned from the army. It is very rare that any one of them has achieved success.'

A GENTLE REMINDER.

"One incident, finally, which I witnessed, illustrating the General's playful humor. A new roadway of broken stone had just been laid through the College grounds. Col. J. T. L. Preston, then professor in the Military Institute, came riding through on his way to town. As the stones were new and rough, the Colonel rode alongside on the grass. As he halted where the General was standing, he halted for a talk. General Lee, putting his arm affectionately around the horse's neck and patting him, said: 'Colonel, this is a beautiful horse; I am sorry he is so tender-footed that he avoids our new road.' Afterwards Colonel Preston always rode on the stone-way."

Creation.

BY L. L. JENNINGS.

Long æons gone, ere God Almighty hurled
 Upon its weighty course our star-born world,
 Ere Nature felt within her vitals start
 The mighty thrill of those great words, "Thou art,"
 O'er space, dim womb of all the universe,
 Where angels e'en had never held converse,
 Love brooding, dreaming of foretasted bliss,
 Hung silently upon the deep abyss
 And mourned the lifeless void.

Then pitied He

Who Pity is, and Love, and Charity,
 Knowing that Love, born of His inmost soul,
 Yearned some great end, some ultimate, fixed goal,
 To the attaining which—O lofty thought,
 Concept divine, with God-like wisdom fraught!
 His rich affection might lend generous aid;
 And wanting, wept the lack of object made
 On which, as rolls the ocean on the shore,
 His lavish heart's great passion he might pour.

So moved was God upon the Throne above,
 That, since of His own nature once sprang Love,
 His being felt the same deep, passionate thrill
 Stir through the depths of His infinite will,
 And lo! the myriad universe was wrought
 By Him—and Love was father to the thought!

Home.

BY K. S. FRENCH.

THE old, old word! It has its origin far back in the
 misty ages of the past—back beyond the time when the
 morning stars sang together, or the shepherds of Bethlehem,

dyed by the bright lights shining around them, heard from the lips of angels: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men."

No wonder this word has glided down the ages, gathering upon the broad tides of the hoary centuries all the tender and endearing emotions of childhood, of youth, of old age. Laden with a magic that cannot be dispelled, it thrills upon the heart and vibrates upon the ear like strains of sweetest music. To childhood it recalls the golden hallow of a mother's smile and a father's care and blessing. To youth it is the consecrated spot where memory holds her secrets dear, linked by a thousand chains of rosy dreams of fame, of fortune. The mind forever turns to this beacon-light, as the young eagle to its nest upon the cloud-wreathed crag. It is the downy cradle of sweet rest and dear repose to stern manhood, struggling upon the battle-field of life, refreshing and invigorating him as the dew-drops kiss and refresh the drooping flower.

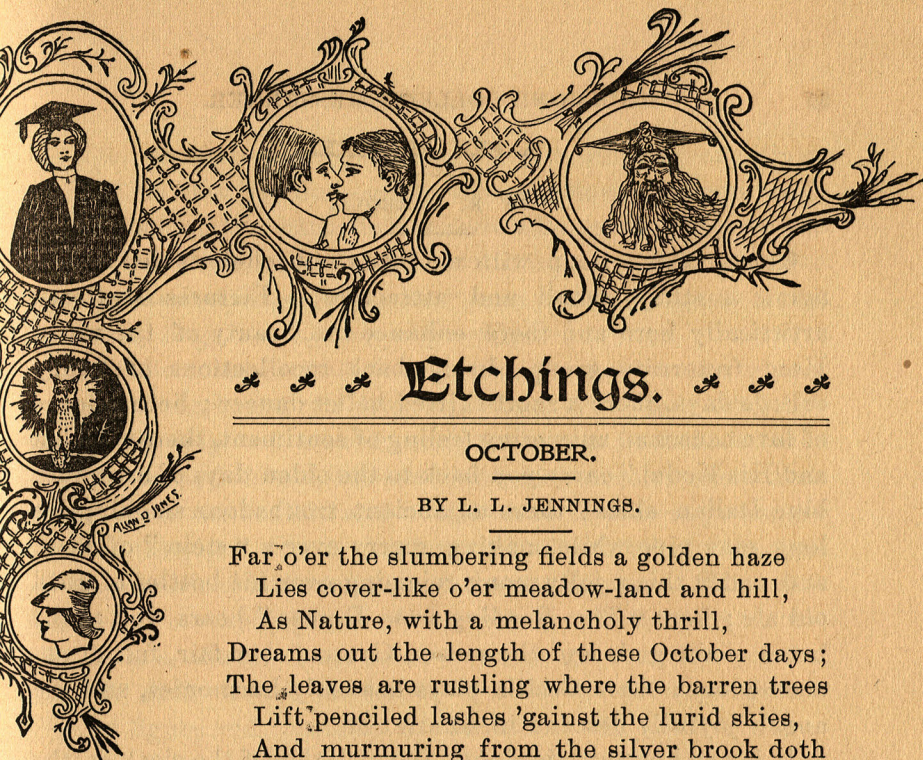
To old age it is "diamond beds, forever sparkling," the mind fading from out the present scenes and brightening upon those of childhood's happiest days, gone forever. How little does the boy know, as the tide of years drifts by, floating him out insensibly from the harbor of his home upon the great sea of life, what joys, what opportunities, what affections are slipping from him into the shades of the past, where no man can go save on the wings of his dreams! Home is like an enchanted vision that never fades from the soul; it is embalmed in our hearts and photographed in our memories forever. We may roam along the Atlantic's surf or Western wild; we may lie beneath the bright Italian sun or watch the icebergs under a polar sky; we may be enshrined in a marble palace, with softest music and song of birds, with babbling fountains and breath of flowers, or whether it be in the rude hut, thatched with straw, with the pale face of grievous want and dire distress, it matters not; it is still the golden magnet that warms our hearts as the Gulf stream warms the polar

waves. Home! What magic in that one word; what fond memories, what tender emotions it awakens.

Howard Payne, homeless and penniless in a foreign land, heard on every breeze that was wafted, "Home, sweet home," on every murmur of the ocean's wave, "Home, sweet home," until at last he struck his lyre, and the listening world became enchanted with his "Home, sweet home," and, though he now sleeps in the silent cemetery of Oak Hill, at Georgetown, he has touched a sympathetic chord in every heart, and his name is immortal.

In the Garden of Eden, surrounded by all that was pure in innocence, grand in thought, lovely to behold, was reared the first home upon earth. There, beneath the sunny skies and ever-blooming flowers and rippling streams, our parents had their home in Paradise. But, oh, God! the tempter came—that happy home was broken up, and the insidious serpent rejoiced, while the thundering tones of a just God exclaimed, "Adam, where art thou?" A flaming sword was placed to guard the gates of Paradise. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," and every nation and every head must bow to this, the mandate of Him on high. But, thank God, a plan of redemption was finished on Calvary. Old Earth trembled, the veil of the temple was rent, and the very graves opened, while the quivering lips of a Redeemer whispered, "It is finished." It is finished, and, with the love of Him who gave us light, we can be one united family, have one celestial home—a "home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."





Etchings.

OCTOBER.

BY L. L. JENNINGS.

Far o'er the slumbering fields a golden haze
Lies cover-like o'er meadow-land and hill,
As Nature, with a melancholy thrill,
Dreams out the length of these October days;
The leaves are rustling where the barren trees
Lift penciled lashes 'gainst the lurid skies,
And murmuring from the silver brook doth
rise

A sad farewell to Summer on the breeze.

How strange and silent is each woodland dell,
And hushed the song of every laughing bird!
No more the clear call of the lark is heard,
And seldom e'en the tinkling of a bell
Doth speak the presence of the gentle sheep
Or browsing flocks of cattle on the mead,
For where in August these were wont to feed
Death's hand hath passed—and Nature falls on sleep.

As touched by fairy hands the crimson light,
All gold and purple in the Autumn mist,
Doth flood the land where in a lover's tryst
Fair Day doth pause and clasp her dusky Night,
Ere westward bound she wings her brilliant path.
And so in life, when twilight closes on,
We dream new dreams and think on things long gone,
Wrapped in this glory of the aftermath!

A PEN PICTURE.

BY E. CARROLL.

Come, take a peep with me into the bachelor's den! Imagine a study, small and attractive. Pictures scattered artistically here and there enhance the beauty of the walls. Here fraternity groups bring back recollections of happy college days, there a short-skirted ballet-dancer; here a scene of love causes an answering feeling of sentiment, there "Titian and His Model" carry you back to the olden days of art under blue Italian skies; there an ancient troubadour smoking his long clay pipe while making merry over a "stein" of beer, and under this a jolly monk rejoicing over his bottles of good old ale; here "The Reading from Homer" bears you to the home of the gods and the muses, Greece, ever fair, full of ancient glory; there Cecilia plays heavenly harmonies, and the angels joyfully descend in admiration.

It is the hour of midnight; the tick-tick of the clock on the mantel is continually warning us that each new moment carries us nearer eternity. A cheerful wood fire burns brightly in the grate, casting an agreeable glow over the room; in front of the fire is a large easy-chair with cushions of velvet, making you wish to recline in a *boudoir* and give yourself up to musing, while the wood crackles more gaily and the flames become redder and redder.

But curiosity overcomes this momentary feeling and urges you to give the den further inspection.

Near the chair stands a book-case, in which you see our old friends, Thackeray, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and others of the same glorious fraternity. In the centre of the room is a table of unique shape, upon which are college annuals—relics of the far distant past—"Reveries of a Bachelor," "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and other dreamy books that lonely bachelors like to smoke the pipe over as the wee sma' hours approach. Over in the corner the eye rests with inter-

est upon an attractive couch, strewn with an array of pillows of various descriptions—cigar-ribbon pillows, pillows upon which such of the bachelor's friends who are skilful with the needle have worked the pet hobbies that usually belong to that *genus hominis*—foot-balls, "beer steins," cigars, pipes, fraternity flags, cards, and poker chips.

Near the couch is the desk; upon the top you see photographs of the bachelor's friends, a bust of Byron, a tobacco jar in the shape of a skull, and, lastly, the bachelor's other self, his trusted friend, his confidant, his consoler when dark clouds cover the horizon and no light is to be seen anywhere—his faithful pipe! Near this favorite one are other such consolers, of various nationalities—German, Egyptian, Chinese—gathered from many places of interesting surroundings. Upon the desk a shaded lamp casts a warm glow on his papers. At the desk is the bachelor, a man of perhaps thirty, of good figure and pleasing appearance. He wears a dressing-gown of gray and his tired feet are enjoying the comfort of slippers. Work is over for the night, and he is reading the evening news. That done, he rises and lovingly takes up his pipe for a midnight smoke before retiring. He draws from the skull a generous supply of "Yale Mixture," and ere long you see him comfortably ensconced in his easy-chair, gazing into the fast dying embers. As he sits there, his legs cocked up upon the mantel, his head thrown back, the smoke curling in artistic ringlets in the air, he presents a picture of utter contentment.

If you scan him closely, however, you can detect an unsatisfied expression stealing over his face as he turns and looks around the room, as though appealing to some figure in the pictures to come have a "smoke talk" with him.

But bachelors ever considered themselves "lords of creation," and this one is evidently no shining exception, for you hear him mutter: "What more do I want? I have the comforts of life, I have my suite of apartments, where I reign

supreme—I have liberty! Can any wife be prettier or more fascinating than fancy, during these midnight smokes before the fire, can paint for me? If she tires me, I have only to dispel these musings—she is gone, and I am free. Come, let me smoke another pipe to ‘single blessedness’!”

Tobacco is generally a solace, but not so in this case. The pipe gradually goes out, the fire dies down, the room grows dark and chill, and what was only an hour ago a scene of comfort is one of cheerlessness now. He throws the pipe down hastily, blows out the light, and hurries off to bed to seek oblivion in slumber.

AN EFFIOUXSION.

BY C. A. J., JR.

Once there were two little Sioux,
 Who went off in their birch-bark caniouxs;
 In manner too free
 They rowed merrily
 On that wonderful, wonderful criouxs.
 Their way they never could lioux,
 Rowed single file—never by tiouxs;
 They could row in the night
 As well as by light,
 And do so about as they chiouxs.
 Their father ne’er had any nioux,
 So he tried to find his two Sioux;
 He found only one—
 The other was gone;
 Of his hiding-place there were no clioux.
 Now, doesn’t this look very ciouxrious?
 ’Twill make every one of you fiouxrious!
 Now you that are wise
 Pray do this revise
 With spelling that’s not so injiouxrious.

AN ADVENTURE.

BY C. A. J., JR.

Small boy,
Great joy;
Line, hook,
Fish, brook.

Small bite,
Great fright;
Slight lurch—
Off perch.

Not dry—
Dad nigh;
Dad's muscle
All a-bustle.

Boy, bed,
No bread;
No wish
To fish.





Editorial.



Editor-in-Chief.
CARTER ASHTON JENKENS.

Associates.

L. L. JENNINGS, *Mu Sigma Rho.*
M. LANKFORD, *Mu Sigma Rho.*
H. B. SCHULTS, *Mu Sigma Rho.*

W. H. CARTER, *Philologist.*
R. A. MCFARLAND, *Philologist.*
S. T. MATTHEWS, *Philologist.*

Business Manager.
T. V. McCAUL.

Like Horace or Catullus, we take pen in hand to write the apology and the excuse for our first issue. Our excuse is that every previous issue has been equally guilty. Our apology is that, having no Gibson to illustrate the magazine, and being in want of a Rudyard Kipling, a Bill Nye, or a James Whitcomb Riley to cause the literary pages to effervesce with brilliancy, we have been compelled to offer the products of our own pencils and the thoughts of our own idle brains to fill the required space. Whether there is within the confines of our campus a future editor of note, we leave to the "discoverers of genius" to determine.

Some peevish, petted, narrow-minded student may be void of sufficient mental capacity to comprehend the height to which he has aspired by some individual distinction tendered him in the "Grinds," but let such a one conceal his smallness in the darkness of his nature, and, overleaping the precipice of sordidness, land in the labyrinth of manhood. First-year men, beware! There are unnumbered paths that wind through college walls to destruction—paths whose irretraceable tracks will lead you to ignominy and disrepute, with an audacious self-reliance more unphilosophical and foolish than the weakest credulity. We old students welcome you, and revel in the happy thought of extending a helping hand whenever it may be necessary. Come to us, who have been dragged over the road of progress by the cruel hand of expe-

rience. You are completely isolated from the world, and upon what you accomplish within the short interval of the four short years of your college life depends your future career. College is but a grind-stone for grinding your axe, and, when you depart from the sympathetic influence of college, the world waits to see you hit your first lick. It is indeed a period of the darkest pessimism in a young man's life when he strikes his first few strokes with ease and smoothness until a knot halts his progress, and he fails to make his mark. Young man, grind your axe sharp; make every hit count.

It is to be hoped that no student this year will be guilty of misrepresenting Richmond College, as was the case last year. Some things went wrong, it is true, but the conduct of some members was uncalled for. Slander of a college is scarcely less reprehensible than defamation of a citizen. If it could be shown that any one influential resident of an institution of learning had invented and circulated reports prejudicial to its character, calculated to bring it into evil repute as a place of attendance, such a defamer would deserve the contempt of all of his fellow-students. Indeed, he would deserve a more serious punishment, but the law makes a difference between wholesale and retail or general and specific libel, so that the man who maliciously slanders one person goes to prison, while the defamation of a college home is not recognized as a crime or misdemeanor.

GRINDS.

"Bring Forth the Rack."

Dunaway—"His veering gait and every motion of his
starry train
Seemed governed by a strain of music audible
to him alone."

East—"What ill wind hath blown him hither?"

Jim Quarles—"Happy the parents of so fair a child."

A. W. H. Jones—"But I, that am not shaped for sportive
tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-
glass."

Billikopf—"Accuse not Nature—she hath done her part."

R. H. Broadus—"There is nothing like being used to a
thing."

Staples—"Good goods are done up in small packages."

Tyler—"Ful large wern his legges and ful lene,
Y'like a staff there was no calf y-sene."

Field—"A man who has red hair will have red hair till he
dyes."

Sublett—"He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

French—"Shaved like a stubble-field at harvest time."

L. B. Cox—"Were it possible, I would *pull* first honor."

Bowe—"A fellow that makes no figure in company, and
has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet."

Gaw—"Of all the bores I ever met,
He maketh me most sad
Who relates his petty vices
To make me think he's bad."

C. L. Collier—"He feels as well and as contented as if he
had good sense."

Claude Owen—"Not 'o word spak he more than was neede."

Gill—"Did you see our baby—
Little tot?
With his eyes of sparkling bright?
Tell you what,
He is just the sweetest baby
In the lot."

Habel—"Men are but children of a larger growth."

R. A. Jordan—"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world like a Colossus."

Wallace—"No crab more awkward in the mazy dance."

King—"I will leave big foot-prints on the sands of time."

H. M. Jones—"That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clothes."

R. R. Oliver—"Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none."

E. L. Carroll—"Nature made him and then broke the mould."

J. M. Hughes, 1 }
T. E. Hughes, 2 } —"Distinction without a difference."

R. S. Hudgins—"In the way of bargains, mark ye me!
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Garrow—"What is title? What is treasure?

What is reputation's care?

If I lead a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter how or where."

Nicol, 1 }
J. E. Oliver, 2 } —"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet."
L. L. Jennings, 3 }

B. P. Alley—"Some men have a gallon of talk to every spoonful of thought."

Spillman—"Every monkey will have his gambols."

Woodfin—"Does he hold up his head, conceited youth, and strut in his gait?"

Lewis—"Too fresh to keep, too green to eat. Throw it away."

T. B. Taylor—"A most unengaging, kickable boy."

Quattlebaum—"O, Phœbus! What a name!"

Dunn—"A handsome handler of human hands."

Templeman—"Samivel, bevare of the vidders."

"Rat" Pollard—"I pray thee, little one, where is thy nurse?"

McFarland—"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

E. H. Williams—"A little, round, fat, oily man."

McElroy—"Something betwixt a night-hawk and an owl."

R. B. Cox—"I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Nature so abominably."

Bradshaw—"Want to be whur mother is !

Want to be whur mother is ! "

Clark—"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

Morgan—"Greater men than I may have lived, but I do not believe it."

Matthews—"The ladies call him sweet."

Richmond Girls—"Even innocence hath many a wile."

Refectory Feed—"The same stale viands served up o'er and o'er, the stomach nauseate."





Law Department.



A WORD TO THE CLASS.

In the session of 1899-'00, because it had asked for representation, the Law Class was granted, through the courtesy of the two literary societies, a "Law Department" in THE MESSENGER. Some are not aware of this; others do not avail themselves of the valuable opportunity thus afforded them. It should be needless to present to members of the class even one argument as to the duty and importance of contributing to this department. An editor is regularly appointed from the class, to receive and submit articles for publication, and, as he can do nothing without your support, it is right that you, as members of that body, aid him in elevating and maintaining the "Law Department." Further, what man of you is not in need of training in reflection, in correct and chaste expression, in clear and forceful presentation of thought and fact—all of which qualities are vital to a faithful and successful discharge of future responsibility? Not these alone, but the exercise of careful writing develops individuality, increases self-confidence, clears the mind of erroneous ideas, and reveals to it truths of which it had never conceived.

Your chosen profession is often assailed as being unscrupulous. Begin now to set forth those principles of right and justice which characterize it, affording no excuse, but condemnation, for those who, having departed from its teachings, disgrace it, and would be corrupt in any vocation of life. Relate to the accuser that civilization in its highest state is indebted to the labor and skill of the lawyer; that no class of men by their own efforts have done more to ameliorate wrong, banish strife, and establish those institutions of government which defend the citizen's rights and promote his welfare and happiness to the highest degree. Show them

that he is stern as the only means of suppressing evil, learned to act wisely, shrewd to detect the truth, correct to be just, and just because it is right.

On Monday, the 23d of September, the students of the Law Class were met in the lecture-room by Judge Gregory, and their work assigned. The class of 1901-'02, it appears, will equal, if not surpass, any class of recent sessions. In addition to the Juniors of last year, many new students, who aspire to be shrewd politicians, able practitioners, and great statesmen, also two graduates of the Academic Department, and several young men bearing *honors* and *degrees* bestowed by other institutions of learning, have entered the class.

Drs. Chandler and Foushee have been favoring us with their presence at the lectures.

Professor Minor is delivering lectures on "The Law of Crimes and Punishments."



© Literary Notes. ©

The Bookman says of Miss Bates's "Spanish Highways and Byways" that it is one of the most interesting and entertaining books that it has been their fortune to see for a long time. "We are not given guide-book descriptions of the great monuments, but charming talk about the Carnival, Passion Week in Seville, Corpus Christi in Toledo, children's games, the pilgrims of Santiago, the dwellers in the Basque provinces, gypsies and their ways, and a good deal else."

The Paris magazines are discussing plans for establishing an international auxiliary language. Some suggest that the Latin be employed, as in the Middle Ages. Yet the preference seems to be somewhat in favor of the English. While the English is much favored on account of its absence of declensions, it has a great drawback—namely, "its hopelessly irrational spelling." Why should this not be remedied?

"The Gospel According to Saint John" has been translated out of the original Greek, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, by the Bible Society of Virginia.

The Evening Leader, of Richmond and Manchester, has brightened its columns by inserting stories in instalments. In the last few months it has published several new stories in this manner.

A new edition of Montgomery's "Leading Facts in English History" has been published. It extends to the accession of Edward VII., and contains an account of the Boer war.

Booker T. Washington's story, "Up From Slavery," has been translated into French by Prof. Othon Guerlac, of Cornell University.

On the Campus.

At length old Tempus has favored us with the most interesting season of the athletic year, and we find ourselves following the foot-ball down the gridiron. Our prospects are high, and the new men lend great encouragement to the *eleven* of '01-'02. We are sadly in need of a coach, as was indicated in our first game with Randolph-Macon, being defeated by a score of 6-0. This deficiency will be met within a few days, and we hope for better results in our future games. Captain Lankford is the first victim of the season, and a broken collar-bone will interfere with his playing for several weeks to come. Manager Dunaway has arranged an extensive schedule, and the members of the team will enjoy several long trips. Wake up, boys, and show by your actions that you are interested in this department of our College!

Friday, October 4th, the Philologian Society elected the following officers for the fall term: L. B. Cox, President; W. A. Wallace, Vice-President; B. D. Gaw, Secretary; W. H. Carter, Critic; J. J. Johnson, Treasurer; S. H. Templeman, Chaplain; R. B. Jordan, Sergeant-at-Arms; Messrs. Quattlebaum and Jennings, Hall Managers. On the same night the following officers were elected by the Mu Sigma Rho Society: J. Peter McCabe, President; E. P. Buxton, Vice-President; L. L. Jennings, Critic; W. D. Carver, Secretary; J. M. Hughes, Treasurer; T. D. P'Anson, Censor; S. Fitzgerald, Sergeant-at-Arms; L. Broadus, Hall Manager.

The session of 1901-'02 at Richmond College opened with flattering prospects on the 19th of September. That evening a reception was tendered the new students under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The exercises were held in the chapel, Dr. F. W. Boatwright presiding. Dr. R. J. Willingham welcomed the new students on behalf of the city, Dr. W. R. L.

Smith represented the city churches, while Mr. R. A. McFarland welcomed them to the Y. M. C. A. and all its advantages. At the conclusion of these exercises refreshments were served by the Entertainment Committee in their usual charming manner.

Saturday evening, September 21st, was the occasion of the re-union exercises of the Philologian Society. At the appointed hour the hall was crowded with students and visitors. The meeting was presided over by President T. R. Sanford. After a few remarks, the following speakers were introduced in their order: E. H. Williams, reader; T. V. McCaul, disclaimer; L. B. Cox, orator. The Society was also favored with addresses by Drs. Hatcher, Chandler, Hunter, Foushee, Mr. J. P. McCabe, and Dr. Rudd.

Mr. L. L. Jennings, one of our local writers, and one who has a bright future before him in the literary world, has recently written a song called "The Crystal Sea," which will appear in about two weeks. The well-known composer, Prof. Leo Wheat, has arranged the music, which has been highly praised by some of the best musicians in the country. Droop & Sons, of Washington, are the publishers. Even now the song is in great demand, and we wish our colleague great success.

On Friday evening the Mu Sigma Rho Society gave its annual re-union reception. Vice-President J. P. McCabe presided, and welcomed the students on behalf of the Society. The programme was as follows: Orator, E. M. Gathwright; addresses by Drs. Hawthorne, Mitchell, Chandler, Hon. J. G. Pollard, H. L. MacBain, T. R. Sanford, and F. W. Moore.

Two of the young men (and, strange to say, room-mates) became tired of living alone, so they took unto themselves help-meets during vacation. One of them (Mr. Ruffin) is teaching at West Point Academy.

Quite a number of old boys are at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary this session. Among them are J. L. Hart, J. W. Cammack, and E. T. Poulson.

Richmond College is always well represented at Crozer Seminary. Among her representatives this session are B. B. Abbitt and W. R. Owen.

T. R. Sanford was seen on the campus a few days ago. He is located on a field near Richmond, and we hope to have him with us quite frequently.

Rev. C. Leonard, B. A. of '99, was on the campus last week. He has been called to Waverly Baptist Church. We predict a bright future for him.

"Co-eds." can be seen quite frequently on the campus this year. There are more in attendance this year than there has ever been.

The Tennis Association has a large membership this fall, and players occupy its three beautiful courts almost every afternoon.

J. W. Durham and Miss Catherine Quarles, '01, represent Richmond College at the Chicago University.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Jem Mahone to Rev. F. W. Moore, A. M. of '99.

It is hoped that the basket-ball players will soon be seen reaching for the basket.

Mr. J. C. Quarles deserves special mention for his excellent "Literary Notes."

Miss Louise Hardesty, "co-ed." of '00, is visiting on the campus.

Seaboard Air Line

RAILWAY.

"The Capital City Route."

ENTERS THE CAPITALS OF VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, FLORIDA, AND ALABAMA. POSITIVELY THE SHORTEST ROUTE to FLORIDA and the SOUTH and SOUTHWEST.

Double Daily Service to Florida, Atlanta, and Intermediate Points.

Direct Connections for NEW ORLEANS and all points in Texas, California, and Mexico.

FAST TRAINS—PULLMAN'S MOST IMPROVED EQUIPMENT.

"Florida and Metropolitan Limited" and "Florida and Atlanta Fast Mail."

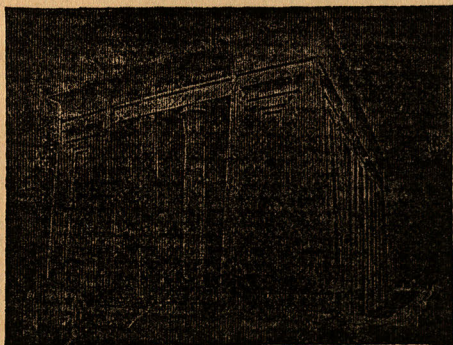
THE FINEST TRAINS IN THE SOUTH.

For full information, Tickets, and Schedules, apply to Agents of the SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY, or to

Z. P. SMITH, District Passenger Agent,
836 E. Main St., Richmond, Va. 'Phone 405.

J. M. BARR, First Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Manager.

R. E. L. BUNCH, General Passenger Agent.



Medical College OF VIRGINIA.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

Department of Medicine, four years graded course.....	\$65
Department of Dentistry, three years graded course.....	65
Department of Pharmacy, two years course.....	60

For Catalogue and Information, address

CHRISTOPHER TOMPKINS, M. D., Dean,
Richmond, Va.

Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume
COTRELL & LEONARD, 472-478 Broadway,
Albany, N. Y.

•-----MAKERS OF THE-----•
Caps, Gowns, and Hoods
To the American Universities and Colleges.
Illustrated Bulletin, Samples, and Prices upon application.

CRUMP & WEST COAL COMPANY, 'Phone 83.

Dealers in all kinds of **Coal and Wood.**

1719 E. Cary St.,
RICHMOND, VA.

Kept Dry Under Shelter.



JEAN DE RESZKE, of the Abbey & Grau Grand Opera Co., says:

"The tone comes out so freely at the slightest touch that it might without flattery be called 'the soul of music.' I have never seen a similar instrument that approached my Washburn Guitar."

Washburn

is the name that stands for excellence in Guitars, Mandolins and Banjos. It is plainly burned in the inside. Washburn models are closely imitated, but never equaled. *Beautiful Catalog Free*

Exclusive Washburn features are: New and perfectly balanced model; special process of seasoning all woods used; patent construction, securing great strength; fingerboards absolutely correct in all positions; inlaying all done by skilled workmen; patent heads far superior to ordinary heads; designs always in good taste; perfect system of ribbing; polish secured by thorough courses of hand-rubbing; every nut, screw and peg of the very highest quality.

Sold by Leading Music Dealers Everywhere.

LYON & HEALY, Mfrs., Chicago.

MANN & BROWN, Florists,

No. 5 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Old 'Phone 352.

New 'Phone 1212.

Cut Flowers, Designs and College Decorations.

Virginia Navigation Co.

JAMES RIVER DAY LINE between
RICHMOND, NORFOLK, NEWPORT
NEWS, OLD POINT COMFORT.

Highest River in America in Colonial and War Scenery.
The Fast and Elegant Saloon Steamer "Pocahontas."

Leave Richmond Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday, 7:00 a. m.; Petersburg,
8:00 a. m. Arriving at Old Point
Comfort, 4:30 p. m.; Norfolk, 5:30 p. m.
Leave Norfolk Tuesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, 7:00 a. m.; Old Point Com-
fort, 8:00 a. m. Arriving at Peters-
burg, 3:00 p. m.; Richmond, 5:30 p. m.

Fare One Way, \$1.50; Round Trip, \$2.50; Second Class, \$1.

IRVIN WEISIGER, General Manager, Richmond, Virginia.

Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Organized
1832.

OF RICHMOND.

WM. H. PALMER, PRESIDENT.

WM. H. MCCARTHY, SECRETARY.

Issues a short, comprehensive policy, free
of petty restrictions, and liberal in its
terms and conditions. Agents in
every town and county. Cor-
respondence solicited.

"THE ONYX,"

GEORGE PAUL & BRO.,
Proprietors,

427 East Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

Best Ice Cream and Ices, Cakes, Candies.

SODA AND MINERAL WATERS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.

'Phones: Old, 996; New, 501. Your Orders Solicited.

Lowney's, Allegretti's, Tenney's, and Our Own Fine Mixture. ❀ ❀ ❀

Dr. Geo. B. Steel,

400 E. Main Street.

Dr. Chas. L. Steel,

721 E. Main Street.

~≡~ DENTISTS. ~≡~

THE COLLEGE BARBER SHOP

WANTED—Everybody to know that the only up-town
place where they can get a First-Class HAIR CUT for
15 Cents and SHAVE for 10 Cents, is at

White Barbers to
wait on you.

. . . JOHN H. FELDNER'S,
316 West Broad Street.

CLEAN
PLACE.

✻ **KIRKWOOD'S** ✻

SPLENDID
COFFEE.

LUNCH ROOMS,

1208 E. Main Street,

804 E. Main Street,

404 E. Broad Street,

FIRST-CLASS
COOKING.

✻ **RICHMOND, VA.** ✻

POPULAR
PRICES.

PARRISH BROTHERS, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, and Satchels,

23 West Broad Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

THE CRAIG ART CO., *115 E. Broad Street,*

—LEADERS IN—

Fine Art Pictures, Mirrors, Frames, Photo Sup-
plies, Artists' Materials, and Kodaks.

IMPORTERS OF FLORENTINE FRAMES. —

—ESTABLISHED 1845.—

COMMERCIAL, LABEL, TAG, and RAILROAD PRINTING

J. W. FERGUSSON & SON, PRINTERS,

4, 6, and 8 N. Fourteenth Street, **RICHMOND, VA.**

JERRY MORANO,

Dealer in **Confectionery and Fruits,**

■ **SODA AND MINERAL WATERS, FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO.**

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER.

225 W. Broad Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

W. E. DORSET, D. D. S.,

No. 211 East Broad Street.

Gold Fillings, \$1.00 up. Amalgam Fillings, 50c. up.

Teeth Extracted Painless, 25c.



Peerless Service. Schedule Unequalled.

THE FAMOUS THROUGH CAR LINE.

Operating the Most Luxurious and Handsomely-Appointed Trains. Through Sleepers, Through Coaches, Elegant Dining-Car Service.

THE WASHINGTON AND SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED.

THE UNITED STATES FAST MAIL.

THE NEW YORK AND FLORIDA EXPRESS.

Through Car Service daily between New York, Washington, Virginia Points, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga, Nashville, Asheville ("Land of the Sky"), Knoxville, Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, California, and Pacific Coast Points; also Columbia, Augusta, Aiken, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick, Jekyll Island, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and all Florida Points, with through connection for Nassau, N. P., and Havana, Cuba, via Port Tampa and Miami.

Students to and from Richmond College will please see that their tickets read via

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.

C. W. WESTBURY, D. P. A.,

W. A. TURK, Ass't Pass. Traffic Mgr.,

920 E. Main Street,

Washington, D. C.

Richmond, Va.

WARE & DUKE,

New 'Phone

221.



Printers,

1208 East Main Street, RICHMOND, VA.

We print this Magazine, as well as all other classes of work in our line. Give us a call.

GEO. W. ANDERSON & SONS,

Carpets and Curtains, Window Shades, &c.

215 E. Broad Street, - RICHMOND, VA.

Students are invited to examine our stock and get estimates for furnishing their rooms.

SEND FOR ESTIMATE._____

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG & POTOMAC

RAILROAD.

THE SHORT LINE TO

**Washington,
Baltimore,
Philadelphia,
New York,
Boston,**

AND ALL POINTS

NORTH AND EAST.

THROUGH ALL-RAIL

Fast Passenger and Freight Line.

E. T. D. MYERS,

President.

W. P. TAYLOR,

Traffic Manager.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

RICHMOND COLLEGE.

HISTORICAL

The College was founded in 1832. It was moved from the country to its present beautiful park in Richmond city in 1834. The value of grounds and buildings is \$400,000. The value of endowment is \$260,000. The endowed Library contains 13,000 volumes, and is kept supplied with the newest standard books.

INSTRUCTION

Full Corps of Professors in Twelve Departments. Courses leading to degrees of B. A., B. S., M. A., and Bachelor of Law. Thorough instruction. High standards.

EXPENSES

Tuition free to all students for the ministry. Endowed Scholarships pay tuition for twenty-eight worthy students. Donation Funds aid ministerial students from other States. The total living expenses of a student who pays all fees are less than \$225 for session of nine months. Table board costs \$7.50 to \$10 a month.

LAW

A flourishing School of Law offers legal training at small cost, under the most favorable surroundings. Junior and Senior Classes. Fees for entire session \$61 to \$76.

Students who enter after January 1st are charged for half session only. Postal-card request will bring catalogue, bulletin, and full information.

Address,

PRESIDENT F. W. BOATWRIGHT,

RICHMOND, VA.